



K T A O :

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The sound of
One (1) hand

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Program Guide
No. Twenty Nine

FOR THE PERIOD SEPTEMBER 10 THROUGH 16, 1970.
This program guide is mailed out weekly to those who subscribe to our beer-&-love fund at the rate of \$15 a year, or \$7.50 for nine months to those in the family way. There is also a dollar a month rate for those with lousy bookkeeping habits. Checks should be sent to KTAO, 5 University Avenue, Los Gatos 95030. Our subscription clerk can be reached at FLanders 4-4711, or 4-6711.

KTAO BROADCASTS AT 95.3 MEGACYCLES from Mount Uhmumunumunumun, located some 1900 feet above the prunepits and junkyards of Santa Clara County. The station is on the air from Apocalypse to Apocalypse---or almost 24 hours, unless our midnight to 7am man gets tired and turns on the silence and goes home to meditate. Starting at 6 in the morning, we play classical and ethnic music, along with some jazz folk and blues in the afternoon. In the evening it is folk and blues and jazz and rock, and those guys after midnight act like there is no Hamza el Din nor Bach nor Fados nor A. Yupanqui---just Moody Blues and the like.

KTAO is run completely by volunteers who extract their worth in blood and ulcers (on the part of the management) and their own personal extrusions (on the part of the listeners) and their own disjointed souls (on the part of themselves.) The purpose of the station is be amused and amusing, to be alive and thoughtful, to be men and children, to be awake and asleep; barring all that, the purpose of KTAO is to keep us all from dying of boredom in this ro-tund ganglia of time called Contemporary America.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

WEST BATH, ME., June 10, 1881.

I have been a sufferer from rheumatic and kidney troubles for about thirty years and have had frequent acute attacks which rendered me unfit for labor of any kind.

Last fall I was completely prostrated and had excruciating pains and my house was gloomy with the forebodings of death. The attending physician gave me up and I was not expected to recover. Some friends of our family came in one day and said they had found what might prove a blessing in disguise, and on hearing their story what Kidney-Wort had done for others, I was induced to try it, as a last resort.

A package was procured at Farr's drug-store and a lot steeped up and the first dose helped me considerably, so that I took new hope and it seems almost a miracle to say it, six more doses brought me to my feet and it has entirely cured me and I have had no more trouble since that time! To say that there was great joy in that household is to but partially tell the facts. Two acquaintances were suffering with the same troubles, nearly but not quite so bad as I had been. I recommended it to them and seeing what it had done for me they used it with the same result. All pain and trouble was banished, three persons being cured by that greatest of known kidney remedies, Kidney-Wort.

I write this for the benefit of the afflicted and who can wonder at my willingness when it cured me after thirty years' suffering. I am now able to attend to my regular farm work. Yours truly,

ELBRIDGE MALCOLM.

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I CAN'T REMEMBER WHETHER I TOLD YOU WHAT LARRY LEE ONCE TOLD ME: but I'd rather be redundant rather than let you get away without hearing his idea for perfect television... the television station of life.

The television studio would be a giant warehouse. Perched over in one corner would be the camera, with a big fish-eye lens. And in the morning, before

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease.

the day began, the television camera would be there, just chugging away, feeding out to the transmitter, out the tower, out to the bleary-eyed early-morning viewers...the image of an empty warehouse room.

But after awhile, the doors would open from time to time, and a few people would drift in: secretaries, taking off their coats, typing a few letters. The newpeople would come in, and the camera would start to follow them around as they began to rip copy from the newswires, over their shoulders as they prepared for the 9:00 newsprogram.

And so it would go all day: the television camera would follow the people around the television station warehouse, going into the kitchen for the cookshow, into the sportsroom for the sportscast, into the projectionroom for an old timey movie or two.

Until, finally, late in the evening, it would be rolled back into the corner, with its fisheye lens glowering over a now almost deserted television station. Over in the corner, one of the janitors would be cleaning up a corner of the large, single room. Then, he too, would pull on his jacket, and go out the door, closing it, and locking it behind him. And---projected on the few remaining tv sets all around the city, would be the image of a single fisheye lens, gazing steadily at a now quiet and deserted studio.

Somehow, our concept of time, and continuum, has got to change. We have to modify our 19th century idea of exclusivity. It will have to happen in our cities---

Mrs. Sarah Phillips, of Frankfort, N. Y., a village about ten miles east of Utica, gives her experience in the use of Kidney-Wort as follows:

For the past thirty years I've had more or less trouble with the kidneys. My back has ached almost constantly. Of course, at times worse than at others. I've experienced an unnatural heat about the waist and hips, and the pain has often extended itself to my limbs, rendering me sore and very uncomfortable. I was troubled, too, with a settled constipation. But the Kidney-Wort broke up that irregular condition and appeared to invigorate the liver and stomach. Now some medicines that are really good for the kidneys wear out the coating of the stomach and do really bring about dyspepsia. But on the contrary Kidney-Wort seems to increase the healthy action of the stomach and carries off the inflammation which causes such pain in the back. Any way this is how the Kidney-Wort acts with me. When I have it on the stove steeping, I often let the neighbors taste it when they call on me, and they think its really pleasant to take, more so than some very strong tea. When I was about 18 I received a bad fall which brought about a lameness which I have never fully got rid of. But I have been troubled less with my knee since I began using Kidney-Wort and am very much gratified indeed. I never fail to improve every opportunity I have to recommend its use to others, who, like myself, have been afflicted with kidney irregularities."

so that we will stop building "offices" or "apartments" or "stores." We will have to return to the 19th century, pre-zoning idea of the mix of business centers, and pleasure centers, and sleeping centers. We will have to begin to integrate our lives vertically---rather than horizontally. Buildings will become 50 layered sandwiches, with lawyers on one floor, loving on the next floor, and lying on the next.

At one time, many of us were attracted to San Francisco because it embodied intellectual and sensual that no other city seemed to have. It was, because of the steep verticality of its hills, a horizontally integrated village: with thousands and thousands of pot-belly apartments, white and pastel and sunwashed: and for those of us from Muncie, or Sacramento, or Forks, it was the warm intellectual nirvanaland.

(One of the reasons that San Jose and Santa Clara County were governed and managed and exploited by such a mindless bunch of con-artists was because of the Brain Drain problem: anyone growing up in this area with any sensitivity had to move to one of the binary stars---San Francisco or Berkeley---after watching the mental and physical ravaging of this once-graceful area.

(Which, of course, accelerated the exploitation and ravagement. The intellectuals, the artists, the idealists ran northwards 60 miles---to escape the desolatory Chamber-of-Commerce mentality which sprouted like cactus in this once sunny, benign area.

(Which explains why the media of this area grew to be so fat and crude and sad: a monopoly newspaper, and a monopoly television station, dominated by brain-drained booster types: not clever enough to see how they were helping to poison their own skies, the lungs of their own children.)

Now, of course, it's the turn of the once-great city of San Francisco. Crude and bilious men, intently believing they are building a monument to themselves, are building tombstones for the rest of us. 30 and 40 and 50 story coffins, rising straight out of the rock, designed solely to glorify a form of death called New Yorkism; concrete toadstools, to commemorate fools who call themselves architects.

Hartford Insurance, Alcoa, Bank of America, Transamerica---corporations made up of petty men who think the destruction of a city's street life is a small price to pay for their corporate glorification. Corporations who with the pretense of doing a favor for the landscape, are actually drowning a once-beautiful spit of land in straight plastic corridors, with a million acres of colorless tile, and a thousand straight and bleak corridors. The new paradise! The new bauble by the bay, dad! New York by-&-bye.

What is interesting is that the brains are draining the other way now. The communes are just an exotic manifestation of a growing need by those who need to live away from the corpsecities, of the move beyond the suburbs. The tower of Bank-america is chewing up brains, and spitting out robots. The graceless slabs of the Hartford Insurance Corporation building is planted firmly at the head of a once great city---now, alas, gone dead and wrong at the hands of rich but brainless businessmen.

A city, like a television station, like the mind, should be used in all its many parts 24 hours a day. There should be no exclusivity, no delimitation to legitimate human activity. Since the invention of the electric bulb, we have been free of the tyranny of the night,

"I prayed God to deliver me by death."

Headquarters Veteran Corps 69th Regiment.
Armory, Tompkins Market,
New York, May 9th, 1882.

Gentlemen: I have just commenced on my second bottle "Kidney-Wort." I have but little faith in either doctors or medicine, more particularly in medicines extensively advertised. However, I have suffered perhaps as no other man has, suffered from liver disease,--brought on by malaria. I suffered for years, till it became chronic, simply from neglect. I have taken quinine till my head swam, and my nerves were totally unstrung. Last year I went to Europe to try and better it; but came back worse. In reading many of your advertisements I came to the conclusion, as a *desperate* resort, to try the "Kidney-Wort," and did so. After the fourth day I got an attack of the old malady. I prayed God to relieve me by death, but kept to the medicine as ordered, and I want to tell you to-day, and all sufferers from Liver disease, that the last three weeks I have enjoyed such good health as I have not had in many, many years. I simply write you this that other sufferers may benefit by it. Very truly yours,

HENRY WARD,

Late Col. 69th Reg., N. G., S. N. Y.,
173 West Side Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

and soon enough, hopefully, we can begin 24 hour lives. Not only will our television stations show the 24 hour business of television, not only will buildings sandwich in 24 hour people---but I can see a time when all activities will be going on in a greater or lesser pool of humanity---at a place where you and I can join, disjoin, and re-join it.

The concept of psychiatry entered into its death throes when people realized that psychiatrists could ball up and destroy as many minds as they could save. It wasted away to nothing when people realized that Freud and Jung were simply extremely good novelists of the late Victorian Period. And it expired when the non-directional therapists and the group therapy people made it apparent that any individual, no matter his training, background, or inclination, could be successful in disabusing people of their agonies of indecision and loneliness.

The new psychiatry is cheap and available to all: because it is rooted in equality: that each of us has the ability to lend the same part of our being to other beings---if we care to transmit, if they care to receive.

In the city of Us thirty years from now, there will be a recrudescence of the community. Large sterile buildings will be demolished, will demolish themselves, or will fall to mass outrage. Each block will consist of a series of modules---and at

the heart of these modules will be a continuing pool of sentient beings involved in the group interaction process. Personal anger will be defused (diffused); social outrage will be channeled; personal involvement will be quick and scary; but far less scary than the fate of one totally alone in the city.

A pool of feelings, of feeling people---in every block, in every city. So

"We would not do without Kidney-Wort if it cost \$10 a box."

WILLIAMSTOWN, W. VA., July 26th, 1881.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Dear Sirs--In 1877 my liver and kidneys pained me at night very much--so much that I could get but little rest. I was then 27 years old, and found myself getting almost helpless with disease preying upon my liver and kidneys. I commenced doctoring, and took medicines of different doctors, all without effect, until the fall of '79, at which time my wife was compelled to help me turn in bed, after lying in any one position for a few hours. I had become discouraged; thought that I never would get well, when I noticed the advertisement of Kidney-Wort, and concluded to try it. I had but little faith in it, as I had tried so many patent medicines without relief. After taking the first box I found my condition vastly improved. I continued its use, and have used six boxes in all, and to-day am as sound in the liver and kidneys as any man. We would not do without the Kidney-Wort in our house if it cost \$10 a box.

I think this will give you an understanding of my case. Mrs. Hodges thinks I can not write any thing that would be too good to say for Kidney-Wort.

Respectfully yours,

SAM. HODGES.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF **MALARIA**

MALARIA, that insidious foe, lurking unseen in the very air we breathe, is spreading into many of the fairest portions of our land, bringing death and disease to thousands, cutting off scores upon scores of our children and youths, as well as those in advanced life. Is there any wonder that it is regarded with as much fear as a pestilence, and people are anxiously inquiring what it is and what causes it? What will stop it, cure it or prevent it? We will leave the discussion of the cause to the scientists, but for the prevention and cure we earnestly recommend

KIDNEY WORT.

It fortifies the system against the attacks of malaria, and by keeping the bowels in free condition all poisonous humors are thrown off before they have time to affect the general health. In malarial districts it is the part of wisdom to make free use of Kidney-Wort, then there need be no fear of chills, low fever, bilious attacks, and all that train of evils.

FILES!

This is one of the most annoying and most painful of diseases. It is brought on by weakness of the lower part of the bowels, often induced and always aggravated by constipation. It may sometimes be temporarily relieved by external applications, but never cured. It must be treated by a remedy that restores to health the intestinal system, and such a remedy is **KIDNEY-WORT.**

In the cure of piles it has succeeded in hundreds of cases when all else had failed. In that part of the country where it originated it early achieved great reputation in this disease, which now has extended to every town and city north and south. Let the sufferer suffer no longer, but by the prompt and faithful use of Kidney-Wort be rid of the torment.

that no man is permitted to be a stranger, to himself, or to the 30 or 40 or 50 people who form the pool of beings in his block.

A destruction of isolation---for those who no longer fool themselves into feeling themselves in need of isolation. The ending of the cellular life of the city, and the cellular architecture that was foolish enough to engender such isolation in the woebegone era we called the revolutionary period of the 60s and 70s.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER TENTH

- 7 AM EUGENE'S SHOW. A touch of Virginia in the AM.
- 11 A KELLY'S POETRY PROGRAM. Kelly brings together peoples from all over the world of poetry in Scotts Valley & Redwood Estates. Love. Eek, I meant to write 'Live' but that's right too.
- 11:30 AUNTY CESE INTERVIEWS: The Bucket of Worms. A new rock group whose playing has been described as "moving" and "slick" by critics.
- 2 PM CLASSIC JAZZ. Mike Duffy, still producing wonders with old records at KRAB, Seattle.

6 PM More Classic Jazz: with Dwight Freeman.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

7 AM Duke...the master of the morning program:
with readings and great music.

11 AM POWER AND VIOLENCE IN OUR TIMES. Dr Rollo May,
writer, critic, wag---and one of the best
speakers around---speaking at the Olympic Hotel
Seattle on July first of this year.

2 PM VILLA-LOBOS on 78s. Another in the series
written and produced by John Dahlquist from his
collection of old records.

6 PM AND NOW, FROM OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS...the 25th
Century Ensemble, in full-flue-true-blew stereo.
Max Harstein is not trying to fry your mind.

8 PM The Creative Sound Systems (San Jose) hour.

9 PM Jeff Manson is gone, is gone, is gone. The
master dubble-bubble terror-meister, after
a year of gumming up your ear (and this fre-
quency) has been carted off to S F State College.
His place can be taken by no-one, so this eve-
ning, at 11:30, we will broadcast a commemo-
rative program of....OLDIES BUT MOULDIES...

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th

7 AM ALL AND EVERYTHING. Part 27 of the reading.

7:30 BILL WADE, THE BUSTER KEATON OF THE BAROQUE NUT:
plays 4½ full, uninterrupted hours, of nothing
but: Back, and Handul, and Telemachus, and
Kooprun, and 'Randy' Ram-ooh. 4½ hours. Wow.

NOON Jazz with John Haydon

3,PM BLUEGRASS (sometimes live) with Al Knoth.

6 PM Gospel, with Lillie.

8 PM CAMMY ROOT: the last four programs she has
claimed a stomach problem worthy of Kidney
Wort. However, her jazz (and ~~she~~) are worth it.
Waiting for, that is---not her stomach.

MDNT After hours rock with Chris Campbell.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

7 AM Allen Bell plays sweet ethnic music, as does

11 AM David Freedman, interspersed with Occasional
belts of Molière's cathartic writings, read
in perfect middle-western French.

3 PM THEN, THE ETHNIC SUPERKING, H Vernon Buck, with



Early Spring

is a time of cold winds and trying weather. Thousands of people suffer from severe colds. These colds can be much more readily thrown off if the bowels are made to act freely by a thorough use of Kidney Wort. A cold always brings on a feverish condition of the system which can best be overcome by the action of a good dose of Kidney Wort.

his own three hour show of The Real Thing, who just received 14 new records on I.L.A.A.M. label (originated by Hugh Tracey) of African music. Wow and double wow.

6 PM SUNDAY EVENING JAZZ, with A C Harris.

10 PM THE FUTURE OF OLD TOWN. A repeat of a special interview with Bob Stein, the new manager of Old Town, Los Gatos. Cese Magowan is the interviewer, and what could be a dull 'information' program becomes interesting because of the two contrasting views of 'development' and 'corporate responsibility' discussed. (Rec 8/27)

11 PM OLD TIMEY RADIO DRAMA, from the collection of John Cockroft, of Palo Alto.

MDNT THE MUSICMOBILE...Alfie's Sound Studio and Club experimenting with stereo and what's left of your Sunday Night Head.

MONDAY, SEPT. 14th

7 AM The Monday Morning Hi is what Peter Blind calls his new program at a new time.

11 AM DR WILLIAM ABRUZZI now a national character---because he was the head of medical services at Woodstock. Provided by WAER, Syracuse Univ.

11:30 AUNTY CESE INTERVIEWS: Dr W W Lint. His new paper: "The Navel---The Omphaloskepsis of the Modern American Vision" describes how his laboratory does eye transplants from frogs to Bikini Clad airline hostesses, and the unusual effect on jet flight patterns.

2 PM HOI TO INKIL FA GLU. For those of you who know nubian music, the master is Hamza El Din. Here, in live interview with Dr Robert Garfias, UW ethnomusicologist, he discusses the oud, and plays and sings some great songs. (KRAB)

5 AM Jeb Henley sings and plays some blues and bluegrass and sounds like the voice of KMPX.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 15

11 AM DR GEORGE WALD. KRAB sent us this tape and said it was timely and important, but forgot to tell us (blush) who Dr Wald is. However, the chances for excitement are good: The tape they sent us by Ralph Nader slowed down at the end, so that Nader was going umph unh grunt, and the tape they sent us

DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

on the music of George Gershwin speeded up at the end, so we got to hear Garfias sounding like he was 15 again. It is said that the tape recorders at KRAB have a decided disease of the liver.

2 PM SPEAKING OF GARFIAS...he is doing this program drawn from his 23,000 record and tape collection of ethnic music, called "Friday Afternoon Music," and here is a recent one.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

7 AM DOUG WISLER...whose tastes run to classical music and absurd sound montages...has moved from Monday afternoon to now.

11 AM THE INNER CORE: The City within a City. A slick but worthwhile part of a documentary put out by WHA; this episode is called "A House to Live In."

11:30 AFRICAN TIMES. Simon M'Pondo of UW, Seattle, in a regular program he does for KRAB.

2 PM ANOTHER CLASSIC JAZZ done in the classic manner, by Michael Duffy.

3 PM DAVID FREEDMAN with a mix of poetry of bizarre music and the usual strange radio manners.

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STARTING THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH, JEFF SMITH OF PALO ALTO WILL BE PUTTING ON A SERIES OF PROGRAMS FROM 9 PM - 11 PM. Thursdays show will be called "Spanner, a Learning Network," and will run weekly. On Fridays, starting September 11, he will do a similar program from 9 - 11. The whole thing he describes as 'a learning experience.'

The cover for last week's program guide (#28) improperly identified, was by Peter Z Blind, our Monday morning man. The cover for this guide, (#29) is by Gretchen Greene, and was loaned to us by Randy Hartley. If you have cover material, you are invited to loan it to us. It should be black-&-white, preferably line drawing or clear photograph, suitable for our size cover. No pay---but incredible amounts of glory.

DAVID MOODY, OF 30s, PRINTS THIS GUIDE FOR A PITTANCE. HE WOULD LIKE SOME BUSINESS FROM YOU. HE IS AT (408) 356-3014. NOW!



A MOTHER'S DREAD.

A baby and its mother are insured against ill-health if the mother takes Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a vegetable tonic, made of native medicinal roots, which puts the female system into perfect, healthy action. Before baby's coming it is just the uterine tonic that puts the womanly system into a proper condition to make the birth painless and to insure a healthy child.

Many mothers, of families in the United States have reason to be grateful to the person who recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a reputation of over forty years.

"An Operation Avoided."

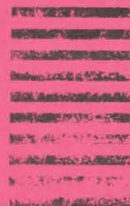
MRS. MINA E. SEVERTSON, of Saint Maries, Kootenai Co., Idaho, writes: "After I was fourteen years of age I suffered much at regular intervals with nervousness, severe headache



MRS. SEVERTSON AND BABY.

and local pains. After becoming a mother this suffering was greatly aggravated as a result of chronic inflammation, until I felt that death would be a happy relief. Local physicians told me that there was no hope without an operation. Being unwilling to submit to such treatment if I could avoid it, my husband purchased a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and also a supply of Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and 'Healing Suppositories.' After using these remedies as directed for a period of four months, I

am pleased to tell the world that I am a well and happy woman. Have not felt so well for many years. I am sending photograph of myself and baby boy taken just after using your medicines. I feel that I cannot say enough of Dr. Pierce's remedies, and wish that every suffering woman would try them."



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